

THE  
NEW-YORK  
WEEKLY MUSEUM,

OR  
POLITE REPOSITORY

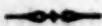
OF  
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

VOL. IV.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1816.

NO. 23.

STORY OF SERAPHINA.

  
(Continued.)

As Seraphina endeavoured to obey the orders of her aunt, she beheld, with an astonishment that weakened her confidence in her visual organs, a figure, in every particular resembling herself, step, as if immediately from her seat, into the magic circle. She saw pleasure beam in the eyes of Gortz, but she had yet self-possession enough to remark great perturbation flashing on the countenance of the Gipsy. She involuntarily turned to look for the stranger, but nobody was to be seen. She felt surprised, and cast her eyes on her aunt; but found herself unable to express audibly her wonder at what had just happened: nor was her wonder lessened on observing that the Signora Bianca looked with complacency, and betrayed no alarm at seeing a second Seraphina.

The true Seraphina immediately conjectured that her mysterious protector, to whose power she attributed the illusion she had witnessed, had rendered her invisible to her aut, and perhaps to all the spectators; and more earnestly

than ever did she wish herself at a distance from this scene of mystery and magic! Her reflections were however, suddenly interrupted by a violent contest within the magic circle. The Gipsy, who had not entered it, seemed extremely agitated, and kept her eyes fixed on the spot with every mark of alarm and apprehension. The sounds of contention were heard, but the words were in an unknown language; yet Seraphina distinguished the voice both of her singular new friend and of Gortz high in altercation. At length the whole place was filled with a thick and blinding smoke, the vaulted roof re-echoed with alternate shrieks of despair and laughs of triumph. The spectators all endeavoured to rise, and find their way out, but all was confusion and distress. Seraphina could just perceive that her aunt rose also. She herself, unwilling to quit her aunt, and equally afraid to move, would have caught her robe, and detained her with a forcible grasp, but she was incapable of moving her hands, nor could she utter a single articulate sound! Overwhelmed with fresh alarm, she saw the Lady Bianca quit the place, and felt that, however the powers of speech and motion were

denied her, the internal emotions of her mind were not deadened.

After a state of confusion that beggars all description, the tumult ceased, the smoke gradually dispersed, and Seraphina found herself alone in a large vaulted apartment, which she scarcely recognised for the same that had so lately been crowded with spectators. The benches, however, remained, and the ashes of the fire still emitted a sulphureous smell. At a small distance beyond the magic circle, she observed a bundle of rags; and going up to examine it (for her state of immobility was now at an end,) she perceived, with indescribable dismay, the lifeless body of Gortz.—Struck with horror, she determined to use her recovered powers in flying from so terrible a scene; nor did the reflection that she was ignorant of her way, at all diminish her impatience to be gone: but when she strove to unclosethe door, it was fast beyond her utmost strength to open it. More than ever appalled, she sunk, for a few minutes into hopeless dejection: she believed herself singled out for the most alarming purpose, and knew not how to obtain relief.

At length, her natural courage and spirit revived. It was not, she felt by yielding to languor and despair, that her situation was to be amended; exertion only could give her a chance for escaping; and while the most distant hope remained of effecting her liberation, she resolved to substitute effort for lamentation: and with this view, having uttered a few fervent ejaculations, she turned her thoughts towards the windows. They were high and she knew not whither they might lead her; yet she piled bench on bench till she could nearly reach them, and she was gone to fetch from the further end of the apartment, one more bench, which, she

trusted, would enable her to examine the possibility of effecting her escape through them, when the whole fabric of her diligence fell, with a tremendous noise, to the ground. Not even now wholly dismayed, she began once more to erect the scaffolding, which was to lead, not indeed to liberty itself, but only perhaps to the sad conviction that liberty was out of her reach. Yet as she proceeded, she exclaimed aloud, "Oh! would I had followed my aunt!"—"Wish it not," replied the same voice that had before addressed her; but though she instantly looked anxiously round, she could see no one.

Oppressed with terror her trembling hands refused to lift one more bench, and she sunk down desponding. She could not utter a word, earnestly as she wished to enquire the reason of her being thus singled out as a victim of a power so alarming; and the tears, which fell rapidly from her eyes, were almost the only indications she gave of existence. At length the same voice, in an accent mild as the song of the dove, said, "Look up, Seraphina, and behold him who has detained thee." She was scarcely able to obey the command; yet when she had raised her eyes to the being before her, she was equally incapable of withdrawing them.

She beheld a man, tall, majestic, of a noble and commanding aspect, clothed in a dress of a fashion she had never before seen, and bearing in one hand a small ivory wand, deeply inscribed with some very peculiar characters. His hair and beard were long, waving and perfectly white; yet his countenance, which was singularly, though sternly handsome, shewed no signs of age. His eye, in particular, possessed a degree of brilliancy Seraphina had never seen equalled by that of any human being; and she recognised in it the mysterious

expression that had prevented her from returning his attentive gaze during the exhibition. Now, indeed, she was equally unable to withdraw her eyes; she continued fixing them on this extraordinary personage, who, in return, viewed her with no common steadfastness. Her beautiful proportions, the grace, the elegance of her figure, the glossy length of her waving ebony tresses, the dazzling whiteness of her skin, the glowing coral of her lips, the vernal rose of her cheeks, and the mild yet brilliant expression of her eye, seemed by turns to court and rivet the stranger's notice. At length he seated himself beside her, took her hand (a hand, long, narrow, and plump, belonging to an arm of the finest shape and colour, and tipped with fingers of uncommon beauty,) and having surveyed it with singular attention, said, as to himself, "In point of external beauty she will do."

Seraphina, lost in an amazement which scarcely suffered her to comprehend all that passed, heard these words but imperfectly, and tremulously murmured, "Did you speak?"

"I did," he replied, carefully entwining her taper and flexible fingers with his own. "I have excited your wonder, Seraphina, but I will gratify your curiosity. I have long waited your arrival at Francfort—I have waited it with impatience, for who does not wait with impatience that event which is to crown their happiness?"

"Surely, surely," exclaimed the trembling damsel, "I heard not aright! My senses are bewildered by fear!—How can my arrival here be connected with your happiness?"

"Most closely interwoven," replied he; "our fingers are not more completely twisted together than your happiness and mine!"

Seraphina shuddered. The singular expression of his eye again struck her, its brilliancy overpowered her, she turned heart-sick away, and a pallid lividness chased the roses from her cheeks; she strove to separate her fingers from those of her mysterious companion, but the effort was beyond her, and she desisted in despair.

"Fear me not, Seraphina," resumed he; "I will not hurt you!"

"And my aunt," said Seraphina, in a voice of agony, "let me go to my aunt; she will be miserable for the loss of me!"

"Your aunt shall be taken care of," said her companion, "but she is ignorant that she has lost you!"

"Oh Heavens," exclaimed Seraphina, "then she is dead!"

The mysterious stranger denied that she was dead; but the idea, of which Seraphina could not divest herself, made her so miserable, that he said, "No, no, she is not dead,—she is only deluded."

"Deluded!" repeated the terrified girl, "and what am I?—Oh let me see her!"

"Some other time," replied he, "but at present she is satisfied. She believes you are with her. The same form which, to your great surprise, personated you during the exhibition, is with her at this moment; and this counterfeit Seraphina is so well tutored, that the good lady must have more than mortal penetration, which does not, I think, fall to her share, to distinguish the difference."

"Oh Heavens!" cried Seraphina, "she will perhaps quit Francfort, and leave me behind!"

"Perhaps she will," replied her companion; "but you are safe and the time will come when you will be reunited to your aunt. In the meanwhile, you shall not only be safe, but splendidly happy!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed she, "Where shall I find a friend?"



"I will be to you friend, father, brother, all," answered the singular being, whose eyes now once more flashed intolerably on her.

Again Seraphina shuddered.

"You fear me," said he, "do you not?"

"Can I avoid it?" asked she.

"At present," answered he, "perhaps you cannot; but I trust you will soon conquer this fear, and then you will allow that you have not made an injudicious exchange in giving up an old woman, whose wit is none of the brightest, for a fond and generous friend with whom you shall enjoy unlimited power. You have two modes of proceeding before you. If you submit instantly and cheerfully to my will, you will not only secure my protection, but make me forever your indulgent friend! If, on the contrary, you dispute my authority, and seek to evade my power, you will not obtain your freedom, but you will make me your enemy.—The concern I feel for you makes me fear you will chuse this way; but know you are mine," added he, pressing their interwoven fingers so closely together as to hurt her tender hand; "my power is as firmly established over you as if you had actually given me your consent; and whatever trouble you may occasion me before you pronounce your acquiescence, it will be done at last!"

"Consent!—To what?" asked Seraphina with a countenance of dismay.

"To be mine," replied he, "wholly, irrevocably, and unreservedly mine!—my wife, my beloved, my adored, my idolized wife!"

"This is strange," said she.

"I grant it," replied he; "but I will tell you the tale from the beginning. I was close at hand, Seraphina, when your father received his death wound from a German corporal.—I heard him in a faltering voice, recommend you

to your uncle, his brother, the lamented husband of the Signora Bianca d'Alber-to! I witnessed, applauded, and confirmed the good resolution the worthy officer took at that moment, to adopt and cherish the legacy of his brother. I judged of your innocence and worth by the speediness of this adoption, and I fixed on you for my own. I obtained a promise of you, and I waited eagerly your arrival at Francfort, where I knew I was to have the first sight of you.—Though I had never seen you I knew you instantly; and judging that Gortz would alarm you I determined to protect you. He mistook me for a competitor of his, whom he named, one *Volk-maar!* but he soon knew me better. He felt my power, and he who would have injured you, is no more. And now, Seraphina, learn that your aunt has left Francfort; she is many leagues hence in company with your resemblance. I have expedited her journey, that I might devote myself wholly to you. I now await your answer—Will you be mine! Remember, though I ask it, that you are mine! Fate has given you to me, and it is to spare you, not to ensure to me the possession of you, that I thus again demand, will you be mine?"

The beams of his eyes fell full upon her, and she sickened and fainted. When she recovered her senses, she found herself in a magnificent chamber, lying on a state bed, which was splendidly adorned with gold.—She perceived through the windows, venerable trees waving their enormous branches, while the beams of the setting sun tinged some distant mountains with a purple light. The certainty that she was no longer in Francfort instantly possessed her; but fearful of recalling the mysterious arbiter of her fate, she remained silent, and ruminated on the singular events of the day. Impressed with an indefinable

and unconquerable terror of the stranger, she rejoiced that her swooning had prevented her from giving a decisive answer to his question, and resolved, could she but ascertain that she was alone, to attempt once more her escape, and to defy the grant he boasted to have obtained of her.

This, in fact, she utterly disbelieved. Her uncle, the late Captain d'Alberto, never took any step of consequence without imparting it to his wife, and innumerable circumstances had proved that the good lady was not blessed with the power of retention; had she been betrothed to any body, no oaths of secrecy could have bound her aunt to observe it—she was certain she should have heard of a fact so important to her;—besides, had this contract existed, would the Signora Bianca have permitted, and even encouraged, as she had done, an attachment between her and Ferdinand di Marino, an amiable and ingenuous youth, who waited only till he should have completed his studies, to ask, and, no doubt, to obtain his father's permission to marry her. All these circumstances, which rushed on the mind of Seraphina, militated entirely against the existence of such a contract, and led her to consider herself as fully authorized to attempt to regain her liberty.

While she thus revolved in her own mind, the singular predicament she was in, she from time to time looked round, and listened to ascertain whether any one besides herself was in the room, when suddenly her extraordinary pursuer stood before her, and his eyes again flashed upon her.

"Are you decided?" said he. "I ask you not to speak; give me but your hand, and rise the partner of my power and my prosperity."

"Where am I?" said Seraphina.

"In my castle," replied he, "in the

woods four miles from Francfort—in your own castle, if you will but give me your hand!"

"Alas!" replied she, willing to gain time, yet fearful of offending him. "what is a hand without a heart? You are worthy, no doubt, of both, and I am unwilling to give you the one without the other!"

"I have not, then, your heart?" enquired he.

"No," replied Seraphina, "I scarcely yet know myself whether I have one. Allow me a little time to familiarize myself to the idea of becoming your wife."

"I am desirous to oblige you," he answered;—"but beware, Seraphina, how you endeavour to deceive me. You can do nothing, you can think nothing, that I shall not instantly be apprized of. Remember, therefore, it will not be safe to try to impose upon me!"

You will, however," said she "allow me some time:"

"A week," answered he; "and if you are as desirous to oblige me, as I have shewn myself complaisant to you, you will live in my society for that time, and not prejudice yourself against me!"

Seraphina, who knew not whether she dreaded most to encounter his anger or his eyes, was at a loss what to reply, till he took her hand, and tenderly enquired if she were well. The languid illnesses of delicate ladies were unknown in those days, and Seraphina had no idea of feigning what she did not feel; besides, she had been warned that deception would be dangerous, and she readily acknowledged that she felt no inconvenience from her fainting, but should be glad to rise. He gently kissed the hand he held; and Seraphina, who trembled lest he should again entwine his fingers with her's thought herself fortunate when he bade her adieu, and promised to send a woman to assist her.—[To be concluded in our next.]

## PICTURE OF MODERN ROME.

FROM CHATEAUBRIAND'S LETTER TO  
M. DE FONTANES.

Figure to yourself something of the desolation of Tyre and Babylon, so forcibly described in the sacred writings: how deep the silence and the solitude that have succeeded the din and the tumult of those conquerors of the earth, who once trod this soil! We still seem to hear that malediction of the prophet: "These two things shall come upon them suddenly in one day, barrenness and widowhood." Here may be seen the scattered remains of a Roman road, which passed through places now untrodden by the foot of man; there the dried-up traces of the winter stream, which, when seen at a distance, have the appearance of vast beaten and frequented roads, yet is nothing but the bed of an impetuous torrent, that, like the Roman people has rolled away and is heard no more. While scarce a tree is to be seen, you behold on every side the ruins of aqueducts and of tombs, which, to the eye of the enthusiast, seem like the native trees and forests of a soil, composed of the wreck of empires, and the dust of departed greatness. Not unfrequently have I imagined that I beheld rich harvests waving at a distance on the plain, which, on a near approach, proved to be nothing but withered herbage, that cheated the eye with a semblance of fertility; yet beneath these barren harvests the traces of former cultivation are frequently distinguishable. No sounds are heard, neither the chirp of birds, nor the lowing of cattle; no villages, no labouring hinds appear to enliven the scene. Some few ruinous farm-houses are scattered over the naked plains; but the doors and windows are shut, no smoke curls over the roof, no sound is heard, no inhabitant seen. In a word, one may say that no

nation has dared to claim the title of successors to the masters of the world, and that you behold their native fields, such as they were left by the ploughshare of Cincinnatus, and by the last Roman furrow.

In the midst of this uncultivated waste, stands the mighty shade of the eternal city. Shorn of her greatness and her splendour, she seems to have chosen her present desolate and insulated situation—to stand at a proud distance from the other cities of the earth; hither, like an empress hurled from her throne, she has retired in dignified composure to conceal her sorrows in solitude.

I confess myself utterly inadequate to paint the feelings that overwhelm the soul, on beholding Rome stationed in the midst of this scene of desolation, rising, as it were, from the tomb in which she has so long reposed, and bursting at once upon the astonished sight. A thousand recollections burst upon the mind; a thousand mingled feelings rush upon the heart; one stands confounded at the view of that Rome, which has twice established the succession of the world, as the two-fold heir of Saturn and of Jacob.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nothing can be more beautiful than the outline of the Roman horizon; nothing more airy and graceful than the summits of the mountains with which it blends in the distance. Frequently the vales assume the shape of an arena, or circus, and the hills seem thrown into the form of a terrace, as if the powerful hand of the Romans had thus moulded them to their will. A kind of transparent vapour which is shed over the distance, gives a roundness to every point of the landscape, and softens down whatever might be too hard or prominent in its features. The shades



have nothing dull or heavy about them, and they are never thrown into such deep masses, but that some straggling ray breaks through the foliage, or glances into the recesses of the rock. The water, the land, and the sky, are marked with a peculiar tint that harmonizes the whole; by means of an insensible gradation of colours, their different surfaces blend so insensibly one with the other, that it is impossible to determine the point where one shade finishes and another begins. In viewing the landscapes of Claude Lorraine, you have no doubt admired that glow of light which seems to surpass nature herself in beauty, and is therefore thought to be the creation of the painter—yet this, believe me, is the very light of a Roman sky.

\* \* \* \* \*

Whoever is desirous of devoting himself entirely to the study of antiquity and the fine arts,—whoever is free, and has no farther bonds that attach him to the world, that man should come and live at Rome. Here he can never want society; for the earth itself, which has been the mother of poets and philosophers, will nourish his reflections and engage his heart; in every solitary walk he will learn lessons of wisdom. The stone upon which he treads whispers of the past; the very dust which is borne along by the wind, contains some relick of human greatness. If he is unhappy—if he has mingled the ashes of the friend whom he loved, with the ashes of those illustrious dead, who once felt and wept like himself, what a pensive charm will he not feel, in passing from the sepulchre of the Scipios to the tomb of a virtuous friend, from the superb mausoleum of Cecilia Metella to the humble grave of some pious and lamented sister. If an enthusiast, he may imagine that the spirits of those whom he loved, take a pleasure in hovering

over these monuments, associated with the shade of a Cicero, who still weeps over his beloved Julia, or of an Agrippina, who still hangs over the urn of her faithful Germanicus.

### JOHN BULL AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

During the war a small volume was published, entitled, "*Diverting History of JOHN BULL and BROTHER JONATHAN.*" We do not recollect of any thing which savors more strongly of wit and humor than this production. For the diversion of those of our readers who have never seen this publication, we copy the following Chapter. It is necessary for us to mention, that, by "*Brother Jonathan,*" is meant the *United States*.

*Ægis*

#### CHAP. XIII.

Of the singular people who tenanted the farms of Yankey Land.

THE farms called collectively Yankey-land, it is said, were originally taken up by a curious set of fellows, who, according to tradition, left Bullock-Island a long time ago, because Squire Bull would not let them make extemporaneous prayers, and sing psalms through their noses; two things they were desperately fond of, as I have heard.

A great many of these were of the sect called Witches, and I am credibly informed did come over the great mill-pond on broom-sticks. As soon however as the good tenants found out these diabolical sinners, they went to work in the name of the Lord, and in no long time purged the farms of this vermin, pretty much in the way they exterminate caterpillars, with fire and brimstone. But still some traces of witchcraft remain among this singular people, who are a cunning, shrewed set of fellows; and though they don't ride on broom-sticks, yet they do carry on a flourishing trade in Brooms with the rest of

Brother Jonathan's tenants.—It must not, however, be suppressed, that there still remains a knot of Wizards, in one of the farms of Yankey-land, called the ESSEX JUNTO, who are undoubtedly the genuine descendants of the witches and the Pow-wowers.

The tenants of these parts are excellent good boatmen, as well as great takers of cod-fish and alewives; and their staple commodities are onions and children, which latter abound there exceedingly, by reason of the practice of bundling. These people are also very ingenious in making tin ware, brooms, cider-brandy, wooden bowls, and tallow candles, which last they make for the most part, out of hog's lard.

But what they are distinguished the most for, is their great *cuteness* in making bargains, and *swapping* horses, as they call it. There is no people can compare with them, except, perhaps, some of Bull's tenants, who live in a place called Oat-lands; and even they sometimes got prettily singed in dealing with them, as the following authentic example will vouch for.

An Oatlander, as sharp as a razor, once rode into Yankey-land, on the back of a horse that had wall-eyes, a switch tail, a shambling gait, and marvellous spindle shanks. There was hair enough on his fetlocks to stuff a sofa, and you might have counted his ribs at the distance of half a league, had they not been well covered with a coat of matted hair, that entirely prevented this disgrace. Our adventurer went on at a miserable pace, till he came in sight of a neat looking tavern, when he clapt spurs to his steed, who with a most desperate effort, trotted up to the place in a truly gallant manner.

At the gate of the stable yard stood a raw-boned, long-sided, rosy-cheeked, light haired, lad, who seemed gaping

about, as if he had just thrust his nose into the world. He wore a light blue linsey-woolsey coattee, no waistcoat, and a pair of tow linen trousers that by reason of his having out grown them reached just below the calf of his leg; but what they wanted in length they made up in breadth, being of that individual sort called by sailors cannon mouthed. But what most particularly fixed the stranger's attention was a white hat, which on account of its having been often caught in the rain, had lost its original out line, and marvelously resembled a hay-stack in its shape and color.

This figure was leaning over a gate, with one hand scratching his head, and supporting his chin with the other, in the true style of listlessness and simplicity. Our adventurer marked him for his prey, and after some conversation, finding he had a horse offered to *swap* with him. The youth, after the fashion of Yankey-land, first asked him what was his name, what countryman he was, where he came from, and where he was going; together with other questions, which have regularly descended down from father to son in those parts.

Having received satisfaction in those points, they fell to work, and our Oatlander never had tougher work in his life. At last, however, a bargain was struck, and he went on his way, chuckling at having taken in the clodhopper. All at once, however, his horse insisted on lying down, and his mirth came to the ground with him. While he was standing over his steed, endeavouring to persuade him by the vigorous application of kicking and cuffing, to get up, who should come jogging along but the lad with the hay-stack hat, who assured him that his horse would infallibly get up when he was tired of lying down; that he did not care to rest himself in



this manner above eight or ten times a day, and was in other respects so good a beast, that if he would give him twenty dollars to boot, he would *swap* back again. Our luckless adventurer was fain to agree ; so mounting his former resurrection of dry bones, he made the best of his way out of Yankey-land, and not one of his countrymen have since returned to settle in those parts, or drive a bargain with a Yankey, as the tenants of Yankey-land are called.

This anecdote fully sets forth that singular union of simplicity and keenness which distinguishes these people from all others. The latter quality seems absolutely an instinct, or at least it illustrates the doctrine of innate ideas, for it is undoubtedly born with them. In truth they are tight hands to deal with, as I know from my cost, and he who gets the better of them in the way of bargaining, must have his eye-teeth out and rise before day, I can tell him.

By reason of the women, married and single, being exceedingly fruitful, the farms every year are obliged to swarm, as bee-hives do ; the young ones leaving the maternal hive to find room elsewhere, which they do with wonderful facility, having a singular faculty of bargaining people out of their lands. It is observed that like locusts wherever they light, they soon clear all before them, and drive away all the original inhabitants by eating up or monopolizing all the fruits of the earth.

This has especially been the case in those parts of Brother Jonathan's farms, that were tenanted by the descendants of some honest, phlegmatic fellows that came over originally from the great bog-meadow, that I spoke of in the early part of this history. These were a set of industrious, slow-motioned, deliberative, round-bellied smokers, all looking, dressing, eating, drinking, walking and

sleeping, precisely as did their fathers before them from time immemorial. Heaven preserve us ! what work the Yankeys made when they got amongst these slow-motioned fellows ! In a little time they would evaporate and disappear, nobody knew where, like as the Indians do when the white people get amongst them and civilize them with brandy.

Among the many customs of these people, is one for which I was at first totally at a loss to account, though as penetrating, industrious, and pains-taking a historian, as ever pried into a mill-stone. I mean the habit which prevails there among all the tenants of eating cod-fish on Saturdays. At last, when I had quite given up the subject in despair, one of their schoolmasters informed me it was because they had nothing else to eat.

Between the singular people I have just been describing, and the tenants of South-lands, there did always exist a most notable apathy, which arose not only from a difference of manners—for the Yankeys abhor horse-racing, cock-fighting, and mint-slugs—but from a certain pretty little opposition of interests. I mean those little every-day interests, which lead little men by the nose, in direct contradiction to their permanent and lasting happiness.

---

#### RELIGION.

RELIGION is nothing else but the knowledge of the most excellent truths. The contemplation of the most glorious objects, and the hope of the most ravishing pleasures ; and the practice of such duties as are most serviceable to our happiness, and to our peace, our health, our honor, our prosperity, and our eternal welfare.

### VARIETY.

In Paris, the gallery of the theatre is called *Paradise*. The Duchess of Orleans took a fancy to go to the play one night, with only a *fille de chambre*, and to sit there. A young officer sat next her, who was very free in his addresses, and when the play was over concluded by offering her a supper, which she seemed to accept. He accompanied her down stairs, but was confounded when he saw her attendants and equipage, and heard her name. Recovering, however, his presence of mind, he handed her into her carriage, bowed in silence, and was retiring; when she called out, where is the supper you promised? He bowed and replied, In *Paradise*, Madam, we are all equals; but I am not insensible of the respect I owe you on earth. This prompt and proper reply obtained for him a place in the Duchess's carriage, and at her table.

William, Duke of Cumberland, gave promises of talents that were never accomplished. One day he had given some offence to his royal mother, and was remanded to the confinement of his chamber. After what the queen thought a sufficient duration of his punishment, she sent for him. He returned in a very sullen humour. What have you been doing? said the queen.—Reading. What book? The New Testament. Very well! What part? Where it is said, "*Woman, why troublest thou me?*"

### TRUTH AND HONESTY.

In all your dealings with your fellow creatures, strictly adhere to the truth; let no bribe tempt you to tell a lie, even by way of jest;—and though you suffer for speaking with unreserved sincerity, believe me, no advantage, as to the emo-

luments of fortune, can repay you for sacrificing truth to falsehood;—and I know no character more odious and vile, than that of a liar. Be uniformly just in all your transactions. Never be led by self-interest to out-wit or over-reach any one. 'Tis an old, and common saying, but a very true one, that "*honesty is the best policy.*" It ever proves so in the end; for, if once you are discovered in a dishonest action you will ever afterwards be suspected to continue the practice of them.

The celebrated physician Chirac being in a state of lethargy, and without any power of recollecting those near his death-bed, his right hand mechanically laid hold of his left, and, feeling his pulse, he exclaimed, they have called me too late. The patient has been bled, and he should have been evacuated. He is a dead man. The prediction and the prognostic were soon after verified.

### APPOINTMENT DISAPPOINTMENT. Or, *Von Schlemmer and "pot luck."*

An Englishman invited once,  
A Hollander to dine,  
On plain *POT-LUCK*—for such his phrase,  
And drink some good port wine.

Mein Herr repaired at proper time,  
With stomach for the treat;  
The viands on the table plac'd,  
Von Schlemmer took his seat.

Soup, turkey, beef, by turns were serv'd,  
Mein Herr declined each one,  
Fowls, turtles, sauce they followed next,  
Von Schlemmer tasted none.

His host at length, by kindness urged,  
Press'd him to taste some duck;  
"Ach nein!" with groans, Von Schlemmer said,  
"I wait for de *POT LUCK*!"

Some men read polemical divinity,  
not to confirm them in their own faith,  
but to out talk the religion of another.

Doctor Missuban, a French physician, who was remarkably tall and thin, happened to quarrel with Dr. Cheyne, an English physician, and the most corpulent man of his time. The dispute was carried to such an extreme that it produced a challenge, and the place of rendezvous was in one of the fields near London. At the time appointed, the antagonists, with their seconds appeared, and the latter measured out the ground. The adverse parties had taken their station, when suddenly Dr. Cheyne exclaimed: Hold! This is not fair play; I am so large you cannot fail to hit me; and you so thin, one might as well take aim at a shadow. We ought to be somewhat more upon a footing of equality." "With all my heart," replied the Frenchman; "we have only to mark out with lines of chalk, on your body, the size and figure of mine, and all the hits I make on either side of the lines, shall go for nothing." Dr. Cheyne, not relishing this happy expedient, the seconds interposed and it was decided to be the best not to fight at all.—  
*London paper.*

Aristotle being reproached for giving money to a bad man who was in want, answered with his usual accuracy of distinction, "I did not give to the man but to Humanity."

Augustus was told of an extravagant Roman knight who had wasted all his property. When his goods were sold by auction, Augustus commissioned a person to bid for his pillow. Being asked why he wished to have this article of furniture in particular, he replied, "Such a pillow must be very desirable, upon which a man so deep in debt could sleep soundly."

He gave an admirable example how a person who sends a challenge ought to be treated. When Mark Antony, af-

ter the battle of Actium, sent him a challenge, his answer to the messenger who brought it, was, "Tell Mark Antony, if he be weary of life, there are other ways of dispatch: I shall not therefore take the trouble to be his executioner."

#### OF MEDALS

It is obvious to remark, that medals possess many superior advantages over the larger productions of the pencil or the chisel. They are less likely to break or moulder away. They are smaller, and therefore more easily transportable, at the same time susceptible of very high finish in the mechanical part, and of striking effect in their manner of relating an event: whilst the multiplicity of their impressions renders it next to certain that they will pass through an infinite number of hands, and become familiar to the minds of men in very distant ages and countries. They appeal both to the imagination and the judgment; they operate both as history and as poetry; and thus fill up a very important place in the system of education. What more simple or captivating mode is there of impressing on the memory of youth the dates and circumstances of remarkable events, or of enlivening their imaginations with the force of felicitous allegories and symbols, than is to be found in a collection of well-chosen and well-executed medals?

#### REMEDY FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE.

A sheet of writing paper, burned on a clean white plate, will produce a yellowish oil, which oil is to be soaked up by a small piece of clean cotton and placed in or on the tooth affected for 12 or 15 minutes. In the most distressing cases this remedy has been known to give immediate relief.



## Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum

### AUTUMN.

A PASTORAL,

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. R. S.  
WHO DIED SEPT. 5th, 1813.

By A. Strong.

In mournful guise with solemn step and slow,  
His bosom heaving with a weight of woe,  
A shepherd o'er the plain his lambskins drove,  
Towards the skirts of an embow'ring grove.  
There on a mossy bank at length reclin'd  
He pour'd his sorrows to the passing wind :  
His pungent sorrows flow'd the meadows o'er,  
For fair Fidelia, who is now no more.

"Ye vocal gales resound my mournful lay ;  
Bear its sad echoes on your wings away ;  
O'er the black heath convey the mournful sound,  
And spread the melancholy tidings round.  
The sturdy monarch of the murm'ring woods  
Consigns his fading honors to the floods ;  
The sweets of nature the sad change deplore ;  
Fidelia's dead, and sweetness is no more.

"Ye vocal gales resound my mournful strain :  
The flow'rs, so gay, that once adorn'd the plain,  
And to the breeze consign'd their od'rous breath,  
Now droop as nature feels the chills of death ;  
Their lovely bosoms wither in the gale ;  
The ruddy blush of beauty turns to pale ;  
Their leaves decline, and spread the landscape o'er :  
Fidelia's dead, and beauty is no more.

"Ye vocal gales resound my mournful song ;  
Nature's sad silence shall the strain prolong.  
In melancholy mood, ye zephyrs play,  
Nor blot with gamesome mirth the fatal day ;  
The darksome day resounds with strains of woe ;  
Mirth's joyous carols now no longer flow ;  
Pleasure is silent, joy's gay strains are o'er ;  
Fidelia's dead, and pleasure is no more.

"Ye vocal gales resound my mournful lay ;  
From hill to hill the solemn sound convey :  
Repeat the strain from yonder barren rock,  
Once the sought shelter of the panting flock :  
The cooling rock no more its shelter yields  
To listless flocks that nip the wither'd fields :  
The wither'd fields their verdant charms deplore :  
Fidelia's dead, and verdure is no more.

"Ye vocal gales resound my mournful strain :  
A solemn hush pervades the lonely plain,  
Save where the slowly rustling leaves decline,  
Which the tall poplars to the groves resign.  
On the soft bank beneath their pleasing shade  
I shall no more recline my drooping head,  
Or view, with joy's soft thrill the landscape o'er :  
Fidelia's dead, and joy exists no more.

"Ye vocal gales resound my mournful song ;  
The murm'ring stream that rolls its waves along,  
And o'er the sounding pebbles wanders slow,  
Seems to partake in sympathetic woe :  
The passing waves salute the wither'd plain ;  
The fields re-echo back the solemn strain ;  
Nature in sorrow's garb may now deplore  
Fidelia's death ; for joy exists no more.

"Ye vocal gales resound my mournful lay ;  
Tinge your light pinions in the sun's last ray ;  
The feather'd warblers of the fading grove  
Now cease to tune their cheerful notes to love—  
In silence o'er the landscape flutter slow,  
And shiver ev'ry plume with throbs of woe :  
The cheering music of the grove is o'er ;  
Fidelia's dead, and music is no more.

Ye vocal gales resound my mournful strain :  
The harmless flocks with languor pace the plain ;  
Careless to crop the verdure at their feet ;  
Unmindful of the dainties which they meet :  
No more they seek the cedars pleasing shade,  
Or run in haste to yonder cooling glade ;  
But pass dejected the sad landscape o'er :  
Fidelia's dead, and gait is no more.

"Ye vocal gales resound my mournful song  
O'er the vast concave as ye sweep along ;

Yon clouds, that move majestically slow,  
In silence listen to the tale of woe—  
But see—the sun withdraws the light of  
day ;

I'll hasten to my lonely cot away ;  
There thro' the tedious night will I deplore  
Fidelia's death, since nature shines no  
more."

Here ceas'd the swain, and to his fold  
conveyed  
His listless Rock, slow stepping thro' the  
glade :

There pent to waste the darksome night  
away

In sad dejection till the coming day.  
Then, musing sorrowful, he slowly sought  
The refuge of his half deserted cot ;  
There, while his sighs and tears continual  
flow,

Repeats his melancholy tale of woe.

*Durham Oct. 10th 1813.*

#### SALUTARY MAXIMS,

Derived from the old Cynic Philosophy.

Would you peace and safety find ?  
To live in quiet with mankind,  
Do not quarrel with their notions,  
Let each have his own devotions,  
Pray to who or when they will  
On the plain or up the hill :  
Interfere not in their strife,  
Take no part with man or wife :  
Meddle not with satire's pen,  
Make no friendship with cross men ;  
More than all, I would advise  
Always act with some disguise.  
Try to do not too much good—  
Let these rules be understood,  
With another we would mention  
That will hinder much dissention ;—  
Scolding hags and peevish men,  
Shun them as a Lion's den :  
Hug and kiss the girls you love  
But hope no angels from above :  
To command the pure good will  
Of human kind remember still,  
*This is the secret, this the charm,*  
*Do them neither good nor harm.*

F.

#### VANITY.

So weak are human kind by nature made,  
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,  
Almighty Vanity ! to thee they owe  
Their zest of pleasure, and their balm of woe.  
Thou, like the sun, all colours dost contain,  
Varying, like rays of light on drops of rain.  
For ev'ry fool finds reason to be proud,  
Tho' hiss'd and hooted by the pointing  
crowd.

#### BURNS

ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

Oh sweet be thy sleep in the land of the  
grave,  
My dear little angel, forever !  
Forever ? O no ! let not man be a slave,  
His hopes from existence to sever.

Though cold be the clay where thou pillow-  
est thy head,  
In the dark silent mansion of sorrow ;  
The spring shall return to thy low narrow  
bed  
Like the beam of the day-star to-morrow.

The flower-stem shall bloom like thy sweet  
seraph form,  
Ere the spoiler had nipp'd thee in blos-  
som ;  
When thou shrunk from the scowls of the  
loud winter storm ;  
And nestled thee close to that bosom.

Oh ! still I behold thee, all lovely in death,  
Reclined on the lap of thy mother,  
When the tear trickled bright ; when the  
short stifled breath  
Told how dear ye were aye to each other.

My child, thou art gone to the home of thy  
rest,  
Where suffering no longer can harm thee ;  
Where the songs of the good ; where the  
hymns of the blest,  
Through an endless existence shall charm  
thee.

While he, thy fond parents, must sighing so-  
journ  
Through the dim distant region of sorrow,  
On the hopes and misfortune of being to  
mourn,  
And sigh for this life's latest morrow.

#### EPITAPH

ON AN ANCIENT COUPLE BURIED IN ONE  
GRAVE.

Here sleep, deprived of light and life,  
Who sixty years were man and wife :  
*Elkanah Strong*, they call'd the man,  
His wife was christen'd Mary Ann,  
Her maiden name was *Merrivether*,  
And merrily they lived together  
Without a quarrel or a frown  
Till in death they laid them down !—  
His age was reckoned eighty three,  
And five years more she liv'd to see.  
She brought him children two times five  
Not one of whom is now alive.—  
This is enough for a stone to say,  
So, Reader, now pass on your way.

H.

NEW-YORK,  
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1816.

## Intelligence.

Accounts from England to the 26th of August state, that Lord Cochrane had been tried for breaking out of prison, found guilty, and recommended to mercy. The London papers observe,

That great distress among the manufacturing people in England still continued—tho' business had in some measure began to revive. That the present distress will likely continue, until the rental of the kingdom shall be reduced one-third—until the immense stock accumulated during the war and cast upon the glutted markets abroad, shall be consumed or spoiled—until their extra ships shall be sold to other nations or shall have rotted; having now more ships than goods to carry—until the condition of consumers shall become improved; and until the surplus population shall have discharged themselves by emigration or other means; and till the return of the regular demands of the manufacturer, the merchant, the trader, and the improving farmer shall re-open the usual sources of employment; all which they say will be brought round by the large capital of the country, their manufacturing machinery, and by the industry and ingenuity of their mechanics.

A London paper says, "Philanthropists will see with joy, that the principles of toleration are gaining ground throughout Europe. The conduct of the Senates of Frankfort and Lubec, in attempting to deprive the Jews of their civil rights is execrated every where: and we find that two Protestant Ministers in the South of Germany are exerting their pens in the cause of this long persecuted nation."

In the Court of King's Bench, July 1, W. Shaw, alias Cassimer Shaw, was tried on an indictment for having stolen two parcels of gold, value 10,000l each. The defendant was a man of most respectable appearance, and one of the

sect called Quakers, and at the time the offence imputed to him was committed, held a situation in the Commissariat department in America. When the indictment was read over to him and he was called on to plead, he, to the surprise of the court, pleaded *guilty*: and, on being asked what he had to say why justice should not be pronounced against him, he observed, "*Nothing*," and bowed to the court.

A Ventriloquist has been banished from the states of Parma for some unlucky specimens of his art. Following a funeral procession in Plaisance he heard the bearer of the Cross ask on which side he should turn, the procession having arrived at a cross way.—The Ventriloquist, imitating the voice of the deceased, said, "When I was alive I went on this side where we are." These words spread terror amongst the people present, every one fled, and the dead was left alone. In another instance under the portico, where wheat is sold, there is a provisional prison destined for those who disturb the market. The Ventriloquist sent forth cries as of those of a poor prisoner torn by a mad cat. All the inhabitants of the town, together with the Gendermerie, and the troops of the Corps de Garde, in consequence assembled, when the trick was discovered, and the Ventriloquist was arrested.

Extract from the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury.

A comparative view of the gross product of the Customs in some of the principal districts, (embracing all the districts producing more than 400,000 dollars) from March 1815, to July 1816, both months inclusive.

1. New-York,	9,926,128 30
2. Philadelphia,	5,085,206 65
3. Boston,	3,579,130 77
4. Baltimore,	3,339,101 11
5. Charleston,	1,047,548 73
6. New-Orleans,	732,083 13
7. Savannah,	521,287 58
8. Norfolk,	491,150 38

The Treasurer, speaking of the state of the finances, the operations of the



treasury, and the national resources, which are very great, says, "comment would be superfluous."—That "we must lament the present depression of our commerce, from causes, which equally effect the commerce of every other nation; but, with becoming gratitude to Providence, we may ask, what other nation presents a scene of public and private prosperity, such as the United States exhibits to the world!"

The ship *Mandarin*, *Lincoln*, of *Wiscasset*, from *St. Ubes*, bound to *New-York*, foundered *August 21st*, lat. 43, lon. 47, in consequence of having sprung a leak in a gale. The captain, second mate, and six of the crew took to the small boat, (the long boat having been stove) and were picked up by the English brig *Ann*, from *Cadiz*, and landed at *Newfoundland*. The first mate, and five of the crew made a raft on which they left the *Mandarin*, and have not since been heard of.

The elegant new Steam-boat *Connecticut*, of which Capt. Bunker has taken the command, arrived here on Tuesday afternoon from her first trip to *New-London*, having performed it to the entire satisfaction of the proprietors, and all the passengers. She is said to surpass any boat that has yet been built in beauty and strength; and in her run to *New-London*, overtook and passed the *Fulton* which had several miles the start.

**Mammoth Turnip.**—A Turnip of the common kind, was this year raised by Deacon Ephraim Frost, of *West Cambridge*, which measures three feet and one inch in circumference, and weighs fourteen pounds and a half. This is certainly the largest we have heard of as yet.—*Bos. pap.*

#### *Chinese method of mending China.*

Take a piece of flint glass, beat it to a fine powder, and grind it well with the white of an egg, and it joins china without riveting, so that no art can break it in the same place. You are to observe that the composition is to be ground extremely fine on a painter's stone.

A superb silver Vase, weighing 14 lb 10 oz. has been recently presented to General Jackson by the ladies of *Charleston*. It is the workmanship of Messrs. Fletcher and Gardner, of *Philadelphia*, and is said to be of uncommon taste and elegance.

The north of *Scotland* (says a *London* paper of *Aug. 20*) has been the scene of one of these awful and tremendous visitations, an earthquake. At *Inverness* the church steeple was much injured, and many chimnies precipitated into the street.

### NUPTIAL.

#### MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. McClelland, Mr. Philo Hoyt, to Miss Catharine Frederick, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Harris, Edward Rumney esq. of the U. S. Navy, to Miss Eliza Wilson, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Gideon Thornton, to the accomplished Miss Eliza Ryckman, both of this city.

By the rev. Philip Melancton Whelpley, Mr. Joseph C. Huntington, of *Norwich* (Conn) to Miss Julia S. Dodge, daughter of David L. Dodge, esq. of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Bork, Mr. Robert D. Sharp, merchant, to Miss Maria McKenny, both of this city.

### OBITUARY.

The City Inspector reports the death of 47 persons during the Week ending on the 28th ult.

#### DIED.

Mr. Jacob Brouwer, cabinet-maker, after a short illness, in the 46th year of his age.

Capt. Gilbert Burling, in the 28th year of his age.

Miss Emily Keese, eldest daughter of Mr. John D. Keese, aged 12 years.

After a lingering illness, in the 27th year of his age, Mr. Joseph Craig.

Mr. George B. Miller, in the 31st year of his age.

Mr. John Breath, merchant, in the 50th year of his age.

Mrs. Hannah Burns, wife of Capt. Burns.

## THE GOOD OLD TIMES !

THE want of every kind of comfort within their houses, leaves us nothing to envy of the enjoyments of our forefathers in those good old times, which are the sad burden of many 'an idle song,' and the constant theme of repining patriots. We may form a tolerable correct notion of the comforts of the poor about the beginning of the 16th century, from the *luxuries* registered in the house hold-book of the great Earl of Northumberland. From this document, it appears that, in one of the most noble and splendid establishments in the kingdom, the retainers and servants had but spare and unwholesome diet : salt beef, mutton, and fish three-fourths of the year, with few or no vegetables ; 'so that,' as Hume says, 'there cannot be any thing more erroneous, than the magnificent ideas formed of the *roast Beef of Old England*.' 'My Lord and Lady' themselves do not seem to fare very delicately ; they 'have set on their table for breakfast, at 7 o'clock in the morning, a quart of beer, as much wine, two pieces of salt fish, six red-herrings, four white ones, or a dish of sprats.'—Down to the reign of Elizabeth the greater part of the houses in considerable towns had no chimnies : the fire was kindled by the wall, and the smoke found its way out as well as it could, by the roof, or the door, or the windows. The houses were mostly of watling, plastered over with clay ; the floors were clay, strewed with rushes, and the beds straw pallets with wooden pillows. In the discourse prefixed to Hollingshed's history, the writer, speaking of the increase of luxury, mentions three things especially, that are 'marvellously altered (for the worse) in England'—the multitude of chimnies lately erected—the great increase of lodgings—and the

exchange of treene-platters into pewter, and wooden-spoons into silver and tin : and he complains bitterly that nothing but oak for building houses is now regarded ; 'for when our houses (says he) were built of willow, then we had oaken men ; but now that our houses are come to be made of oak, our men are not only become willow, but a great many altogether of straw, which is a sore alteration.' But though they had 'wood-en-spoons,' they had nothing in the shape of a fork, but took the meat out of the dish with their fingers. This is sufficiently clear from Tom Coryate, who, half a century afterwards, in the year 1608, travelled through France, Italy, Switzerland, and a part of Germany, and published an account of his adventures under the quaint title of *Crudities*. 'The Italians,' he observes, 'and also most strangers who are commonly in Italy, do always at their meals use a little fork, when they cut their meats ;' which he thinks 'no other nation in Christendom doth use ;' and the reason assigned is, 'because the Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike cleane.' Hereupon, says Thomas, 'I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meate. And he adds, with great naïvete, 'I was once quipped for that frequent using of my forke, by a certain learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, one Mr. Lawrence Whitaker, who, in his merry humour, doubted not to call me at table *forkifer*, only for using a forke at feeding, but for no other cause.'—*Lon. Pap.*

## NEW-YORK.

Printed and published by JAMES ORAM,  
No. 102 Water-Street, at *three dollars*  
*per annum.*